

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 354

He glanced at me and uttered in a low voice, "Girl, now that you are the legitimate daughter of the Stovall family, you should call me uncle!"

I was stunned and said, "Uncle Zachery."

He looked at me with an unpredictable gaze. "Girl, I know you still hold a grudge against Cam. But Louis had specially prepared this banquet for you today. You shouldn't ruin it!"

I held onto the tall glass in my hands, and my face turned pale. So they knew about it?

I raised my eyes to look at him. I shrugged my shoulders and said nonchalantly, "As Uncle Zachery had mentioned, this is my own banquet. I can decide how I want it to be. No matter what, as long as I meet my goal, it would have achieved its purpose."

Cameron looked at me with a sigh. "Nevermind. This is karma, Zachary!"

Looking at their unusual attitude, I couldn't comprehend what was happening at the moment!

Was it because I became the daughter of the Stovall family, so they became hesitant and were treating me differently?

John stood beside me and was silent all along. He saw me frowning and went quiet. He said calmly, "What are you thinking?"

I shook my head and looked up subconsciously towards the people who were prepared on the second floor.

John saw my hesitation and said, "Actually, this is for the best. At least it's not worse off."

Worse?

The child and Macy had died. Rebecca only suffered from some injuries, but the rest had left my world forever. I couldn't get them back anymore even if I tried.

That thought alone had made me calm. The people on the second floor nodded. There was a huge projection screen on the stage of the hotel lobby.

Two minutes later, the scenes on the screen had attracted the guests of the banquet. The Moore family had stood on top of K City for years. And Cameron's fame was on par with the Moore family due to her success over the years.

Gasps were coming from the guests every time she appeared in the video.

I didn't look at the screen since I wasn't interested in what was playing. I was only interested in Cameron's reaction when she watched these scenes.

But she didn't seem as devastated as I thought she would be. Instead, she seemed to have prepared beforehand and leaned closely against Zachary's embrace.

My brain was buzzing. In the noisy crowd, Zachary looked at me with an indecipherable look. It wasn't filled with rage, neither was it bloodthirsty, but sympathy.

I saw him held onto Cameron and left in the crowd. But I didn't feel any pleasure. I knew that after today, Cameron's reputation was going to be in tatters.

My goal seemed to have been achieved!

The video playing on the screen was stopped after Cameron and Zachary left. The lobby was filled with whispers about Cameron's sordidness in contempt.

The banquet had concluded. Louis and John hurriedly sent off the guests.

I stood in the lobby, feeling lost.

Joe came into my sight expressionlessly. "Let's have a chat?"

I averted my unfocused eyes. My heart was feeling heavy. "What is there to chat about?"

He sat on the chair beside me and raised his brows before he spoke. "You did it?"

"Yes!"

I didn't plan to hide. Nobody would have dared to interfere with the Stovall family's banquet unless he was from the family.

He sneered. As if he had already known, he looked at me with a sarcastic look. "I thought you would at least be relieved when you wounded Rebecca. You already have a prominent family and Ashton who solely cares for you. She was just a child, do you really have to go this far?"

I pursed my lips. Feeling tired after standing, I sat down casually on the chair beside me and said tiredly, "So now that I have everything I should have pretended that the injuries that I had suffered never existed?"

He furrowed his brows. "Scarlett, have you thought of why did the Stovall family acquiesce to this and the Moore family had allowed this to happen? By only relying on John's meddling?"

I raised my brows. "If not?"

He sneered, finding this ridiculous. "Do you think everyone would fall for your tricks like an idiot? Who is Zachary? He is someone who had been walking on dead bodies in the seventies. Do you think he would let you step all over his wife without taking any actions?"

"What are you trying to say?" I said, feeling calm.

He sneered disdainfully, "I want to let you know that a brainless, cold-blooded, and idiotic woman like you should stop now. Please refrain from everything else and live your life in peace."

He paused for a moment and continued in a sulky manner. "Also, Ashton is sick. Even if you guys fought, you shouldn't go so far. He is your husband, so you should at least look out for him."

It was obvious he was angry but helpless at the same time.

After watching him left, I daydreamed on the chair for a while before standing up.

The guests had already left the lobby. John looked at me and said, "Are you going back to the Stovall's tonight or, would you like me to send you back?"

To Ashton's side...

After giving some thought, I said, "I'll take a taxi back by myself!"

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He didn't agree but went silent when he was about to refute, then signaled me to look at the entrance.

It was a sleek black luxury car. Those we mostly encountered were Lamborghini, Ferrari, Maybach, and Bentley. This was the first time Ashton was being flamboyant. He was driving a Rolls-Royce.

But there were many luxury cars at this type of banquet, so it was not a rare sight.

The driver stood beside the car. He came up to me with a smile when he spotted me. "Madam, Mr. Ashton had been waiting for you. He is sick, please go back soon!"

What he meant was, even though Ashton was sick, yet he was still waiting for me!

I wanted to reject the idea subconsciously, but the driver clasped his hands together anxiously, although he was wearing a smile.

I couldn't help but furrowed my brows. "He's very sick?"

The driver nodded and said, "It has been two days. He hasn't been taking medication, and he refuses to go to the hospital. He even insists on coming today. Please... please talk to him!"

I turned around and looked at John. "Tell Uncle Louis that I'll visit him when I'm free!"

He nodded in response and narrowed his gaze towards the car.

Without much thought, I quickly walked towards the car and opened the door.

Ashton's eyes were closed with his lips pursed. His handsome face was ghastly pale.

I leaned closer to him instinctively. The heater in the car was off, but his forehead was drenched with his perspiration in the ice-cold winter.

"What's wrong?"

He still had his eyes closed. His expression was grim with no intention of looking at me.

With grouchiness and chillness in his voice, he said, "Get down if you're not coming up!"

His words had no warmth and were filled with a tint of anger.

I pursed my lips. My heels were too high, so I took them off and lifted my dress when I got into the car. I looked at the driver and said, "To the hospital."

The driver was stunned as he looked at Ashton. After seeing he had no objections, he started the car.

K City was prone to traffic jams, especially around ten at night.

Upon reaching the city center, the car couldn't move anymore. Ashton frowned slightly, and his forehead was glistening with droplets of perspiration. He was extremely pale, and he furrowed his brows tightly.

His condition seemed terrible. I saw his slender fingers pressed against his stomach from the corner of my eyes. I was startled and said to the driver, "Stop at the junction in front!"

The driver thought I was going to alight and said hesitantly, "Madam, we're about to reach the hospital. You should accompany Mr. Ashton to see the doctor..."

I was speechless. Since when did people start to see me as a cold-blooded person?

I paused briefly before speaking. "There's a drug store in front. I'll get down and buy some medicine for him."

"It's fine!" Ashton said.

I got into a temper upon hearing him and said angrily, "Shut up if you don't want to die!"

The car stopped along the roadside. I didn't see the shocking expression of the driver and alighted while lifting the hem of the dress.

To be honest, the gown was not fit for humans. It was not only troublesome but way too cold to be in.

Especially in a cold place like K City.

After getting the medicine, I divided the medicine properly before passing the warm water from the drug store to the aloof man. "Eat the medicine."

He didn't speak, and he was as cold as ice. The driver saw me shivering and switched on the heater. He even passed me a jacket and said, "Madam, please put on this jacket first."

The black tuxedo suit that Ashton was wearing was taken off at some point in time. It was the one that the driver passed to me.

I was speechless. This man was more long-winded than a woman.

He was still closing his eyes with his brows furrowed. I said, "Ashton, eat the medicine. You can die of pain if you refuse to eat. I'm too tired to deal with you now."

I put down the medicine and the warm water on the rack as I spoke. I threw the jacket back to him and was about to alight the car.

He grabbed my wrist. "Where are you going?"

"It's none of your business!"

"Go home!" He said in a low voice as the car started.

I didn't say much. I looked at Ashton and said, "Eat the medicine!"

He opened his bloodshot eyes. I could imagine he probably had not been resting well these few days.

He ate the medicine in silence and continued to close his eyes to rest. The driver was confused and queried, "Madam, should we go to the hospital or?"

"Go home!" Ashton said. His tone was final.

I pursed my lips. My brain was buzzing. "Ashton..."

"Jared will come over later!" There was fatigue in his voice.

I didn't say anything else.

It didn't take long to reach the villa. It felt inconvenient to lift my dress. After alighting the car, Ashton still closed his eyes without budging.

The driver looked at me helplessly, as if he didn't dare to touch Ashton lightly.

I sighed and walked to Ashton's side. "Ashton, get down. We're home!"

He opened his eyes without any further movements. Instead, he stared at me with a dark look in his eyes.

After exchanging a long stare, I gave up and reached out to him. "I'll help you down!"

He pursed his lips, refusing to speak. But half of his slender body was leaning on me.

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Besides wearing a long dress, I was in super high heels which I rarely find myself in, so I found it hard to balance.

In addition, the man had shifted most of his weight on me, and to support a grown-ass man while walking in heels proved to be a challenge.

However, it was too late to go back on my decision. Since the driver had left, I could only grit my teeth as I supported him into the house, and we still had to walk past the garden to the bedroom.

That was the first time I realized big houses weren't really ideal under some circumstances. Stopping in my tracks, I asked, "Ashton, can you walk?"

He frowned and gazed at me with his dark eyes. "What do you think?"

I...

Well... One will always pay the price for one's action.

Slowly but surely, we finally reached the bedroom. Having used up all my strength, I didn't feel right and the first thing I wanted to do after placing him on the bed was to change into a more comfortable outfit.

However, I was too quick on my movements that I stepped on my dress when I was getting up from the bed.

The tube-top dress didn't have any straps to support it on my body, so the heavy dress slid down, and I was exposed, wearing only my flesh-colored underwear and the nipple tapes.

Wearing the nipple tapes made no difference to being naked. Ashton looked at me while he snickered, "You're so eager today."

I...

Pursing my lips, I ignored his words and went to the wardrobe to change into some casual wear. When I came out, Ashton was nowhere to be found, while the sound of water could be heard coming from the washroom.

Too many things had happened today. Feeling exhausted, I went to the study and switched on the television. Reading the news headline, it was exactly as I had expected. Those videos of Cameron were leaked to the public.

To my surprise, the Moore family had the power to suppress the news from getting out of hand, but they did nothing.

Even Cameron sat by and did nothing. It felt like she was deliberately giving me a chance.

Seeing how it was rather late at night, I gave up on the thought of calling Jackson.

After resting for a while, I went back to the bedroom. Ashton was still in the washroom.

This shouldn't be, as he was one of those who showered fairly quickly and always get himself clean under ten minutes. I've stayed at the study for a while, so he should be out by now.

With worry in my heart, I headed toward the washroom and knocked on the door. "Ashton, are you in there?"

No response.

I grew restless and turned the doorknob. To my surprise, the door actually opened.

Opening the door slightly, the warm and moist steam came out from the washroom with the scent of shampoo. I said, "Ashton..."

Before I could finish my sentence, my view was blocked by his lower abdomen. Lifting my head subconsciously, I saw his firm and sexy abs.

He was retracting his hand from the door, and it seemed he was here to open the door.

I froze for a bit and asked awkwardly, "Are you done?"

The man hummed a reply. He was just done bathing and looked really attractive with his wet hair.

I moved away from the entrance while he exited the washroom with a towel wrapping on his lower body and wiped his hair.

How can he be so cool even when he's sick?

He's good. I'll give him that.

My makeup was rather heavy that day, and I wanted to get them off my face. Entering the washroom, I removed my makeup and washed up before entering the shower.

I tossed my clothes into the washing machine in the washroom, while Ashton's suit was way too delicate, so it was better to leave it to the professionals.

Noticing Ashton's blue undergarments were left in the laundry basket, I washed them in the sink.

He would wash his inner garments every time while his other limited edition clothing was cleaned by the professionals. And sometimes, he would just throw them into the washing machine and let the machine do its work.

It had been three years since I was married to him, and I didn't really help in washing his clothes. Now that I think of it, he was following my will on everything except things related to Rebecca.

When I was lost in a daze, he opened the washroom door suddenly. Looking at the blue garment in my hands, he was slow to react and spoke indifferently soon after. "You left a hole in it."

I was stunned and turned to look at the blue in my hands subconsciously. Realizing that he was just bluffing, my cheeks blushed in embarrassment. "Well, it's better to leave the laundry basket empty, no?"

Pursing his lips, his dark eyes were implying something, but he said nothing and entered the washroom. He took the wristwatch from the cabinet and wore an indifferent expression all the time.

After looking at the garment in my hands, he left.

I...

We are a married couple, but why does this feel so awkward?

When I dried the underwear and came out from the washroom, Jared was there. Ashton sat on the chaise lounge and cooperated with the former for a body checkup.

Jared had mastered both medicine and traditional acupuncture, so he liked to use both of the techniques when he was treating his patients.

When he saw me coming out from the washroom, he retracted his hand and took out a bottle of medicine from his bag. "If you don't wish to die, please take your meds on time. She's back, so stop being suicidal..."

He swallowed his words when Ashton glared at him coldly.

Jared let out a sigh and packed his bag. I followed him downstairs when he was about to leave, as there was something I had been wishing to tell him.

Walking to the door, he noticed I was following behind him, so he turned around and raised a brow. "Is there anything else?"